

Stitch sew cut pull  
Stitch sew cut and pull  
Stitch sew cut pull  
Stitch sew cut and pull  
Stitch sew cut pull  
Stitch sew cut and pull  
Stitch sew cut pull  
Stitch sew cut and pull

Hah hah  
Hah hah  
Hah hah  
Hah hah

80 degrees, filled with vaporized  
Iron pressing as wrinkles unfold  
Off-grain fabric tells a different tale  
Tailored frequencies need to be repaired

Seven a.m is when the station plays its sounds  
Listening to the speaker while the patterns pin into place  
Scissors separate the yellow from the white  
Good morning, small-town listeners

Thimbles coat my fingers  
Feed dogs are jamming up  
The thread comes in tangles  
I see such pretty things

FM comes in different colors, I believe  
In the sewing machine I've lost myself  
Memories inside my heart are there to grieve  
Stations and a needle help me fix himself

Ah, his voice, it speaks to me through the radio  
Pressing spotted fabric on an ironing board  
Losing bobbins under tables, is it so?  
Every day it feels like seams are more than torn

Making eyelid s under the starlight  
Hand-sew everything with purely kindness  
Liquid sound waves pour from my eyes  
My heart pours out to you in desperation

Seven a.m is when the station plays its sounds  
Listening to the speaker while the patterns sew into place

Out of misery, he'll return alive  
His colors ought to show again-

Black and white and black and white and black and white and black and white  
and  
blue and green and yellow and red; the radio only plays in  
Black and white and black and white and black and white and black and white  
and  
blue and green and yellow and red; the radio only plays in  
Black and white and black and white and black and white and black and white  
and  
blue and green and yellow and red; the radio only plays in  
Black and white and black and white and black and white and black and white  
and  
blue and green and yellow and red; the radio only plays in  
Black and white and black and white and black and white and black and white  
and  
blue and green and yellow and red; the radio only plays in  
Black and white and black and white and black and white and black and white  
and  
Blue and green and yellow and red; these aren't the colors i should see

FM comes in different colors, i believe  
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Memories inside my heart are there to grieve  
Stations and a needle help me fix himself

Ah, his voice, it speaks to me through the radio  
Pressing spotted fabric on an ironing board  
Losing bobbins under tables, is it so?  
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